

1926 Coll. 739 #14

FIELD TRIP DIARY

SOUTHERN UTAH EXPED.

Coll. 739

#14

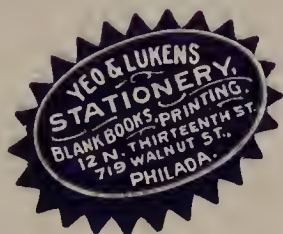
Aug.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Sept.

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19	20					

ACADEMY
NAT. SCI.
PHILA.
MS. 586



1926 diary.

Southern Utah Exped.

Aug. 16, 1926. Left Philadelphia with Morgan at 2.11 P.M. on "Penna Limited" for Chicago.

Aug. 17, 1926. Arrived Chicago at 8.55 A.M., and left at 10.30 A.M. on "Continental Limited" of C. & N.W. - U. P.

Aug. 18, 1926. We awoke east of North Platte, Nebraska a short distance. Turned in just west of Rockville, Nebraska, Wyoming.

Great Blue Heron. One sitting in a slough near Rock River, Wyo.

Aug. 19, 1926. Arose just as we reached Ogden, Utah. Left the train at Milford, Utah at 2.50, ~~ten~~ five minutes late. Mr. Christiansen, with whom we had made preliminary arrangements, and a friend of his, Mr. W. W. Farrer, of Beaman, Utah, met us at the station. Mr. Christiansen was unable to go with us as other engagements and lack of suitable transportation would not permit him to do so. It was arranged that Mr. Farrer would go with us, and that we could get a Ford truck for the long trips. Mr. Farrer had a Ford Coupe

and it was soon arranged that we would at once go to Beaman, make the trip into the Beaman^{fort} Mountains which we wanted to make, then start on the longer trip. After arranging for the shipment of our trunks by truck to Beaman, we started, the four of us and our four telescopes packed in the 2nd coupe. We arrived at Beaman about 5.30 and Mr. Farrer insisted on us staying with him overnight while we were in Beaman. We ate at a good restaurant and then spent the evening in going over our outfit, boiling it down and arranging it for the most convenient utilization. Our more definite plans were then made after a study of the maps we had. We retired about 10.00 PM.

Yellows-headed Blackbird.	} Numerous along Beaman River marshes near Beaman.
Red-wing blackbird	

Great Blue Heron. One in same
Cormorant. One in reservoir of
Beaman River half way from
Milford to Beaman.

Ravens. Numerous between St. John and
Milford + number near Beaman.

Aug. 20, 1926. Beane to Puffer Lake,
Tushar Mts., Utah.

We were up at 6.45 AM. then after breakfast we loaded outfit for the Tushar Mts. into the Ford coupe, which is to take us up to Puffer Lake, where we will be joined by three saddled horses for the higher peaks. Mr. Farrer's boy started ahead of us with the horses. We purchased such supplies as we would need for the three days before we would get back to Beane, and set out shortly after ten o'clock.

The road led up Beane Canyon, past old Fort Cameron at the canyon's mouth, then for a number of miles we rode steadily upward through a deep canyon, in many places now, with aspen becoming evident, much bull pine, then firs. We worked on small flat areas at 6500 feet, again at 6800 feet, and last at 7000 feet. For some three miles the grade was very steep and we braked the engine three or four times. We passed several meadowy flats, known as Merchants Valley, & Three Creek Valley, and finally reached Puffer Lake at about 8200 feet. Here we made camp in the edge of an aspen forest.

The lake is full of trout, rainbow
and the introduced brown trout,
so quite a few other people were
camped about the lake. We worked
in the meadowy areas from the lake
shore running up into the aspen
as steeply sloping glades. Here we
got Brimeria, one of our special
desiderata. Morgan and Mr.
Farmer each caught three rainbow
trout, which we had for supper with
biscuits and eggs. After sunset it
got extremely cool and we made
up our beds with particularly atten-
tion to warmth.

Red-backed Junco. Numerous at
Puffer Lake.

Clarke's Crow. One at Puffer Lake.
Very white hawk - possibly Swainson's
Soaring at Puffer Lake.

Long-crested Jay. Numerous at
Puffer Lake and for a thousand
or more feet below.

Azure Bluebird. One at about
7000 feet.

August 21, 1926. To summit of Hclang
Peak and return to Puffer Lake, Tushar
Mts., Beaver Co., Utah.

We awoke at day break to a chill world, although I had slept quite well and was not at all cold. In fact I was so thoroughly warmed in and had difficulty turning over. After eggs, bacon and sad coffee, which Morgan made, the horses were soon saddled, and a few minutes after seven o'clock we were on our way toward the summit of Helcano Peak, the highest of the peaks of the Tushar range. Our way lead for some few miles steadily upward through dark and cold forests of fir with many aspen, the latter predominating on the ~~the~~ more exposed slopes, the fir more marked in the ravines. We crossed two divides which reached nearly to timber-line, being joined on one by a friendly sheep-herder, who went on with us to the summit and was our host later. We worked at about ten thousand feet in a high meadow and found that certain of the species found about the Puffer Lake had been left behind, and no really new ones encountered. From this meadow we started up on the long climb on the main backbone of the Tushar Range to the summit of Helcano (12240 feet). A friend of Mr. Farrer and his boy joined us here and our whole party

went on together. The west slope of
Helans Peak is steep and it was
zig-zag all the way, getting out of the
road of areas of slide rock as much
as possible. The actual timber-line,
from adjacent slopes, could well be
given as 10,500 feet, but the whole
main west slope of Helans from 10,000
feet up is timber line, apparently from
a distance of smooth brown slopes, in
fact largely small slide rock. We
reached the summit about 11.00 AM.
and a bracing wind greeted us there.
The views were splendid. To the north
the whitish and sharp peaks of
Baldy (12000 feet) and Belknap (12200
feet) were relatively near at hand in
the same range. To the northeast we
could look down the valley of the Seneca
River and see Richfield, Monroe
and other towns. To the east range
beyond range reached away with
in the far distance the outline of
the Henry Mts. Southward range in
range reached away to the high group
north of St. George. Westward we looked
completely on the Mineral Range, to
range after range toward the Nevada
line. We examined the summit area
which were not too steep for collecting,
while most of party sought shelter on

the ^(eastern) leeward side of the actual summit.
Coming down we left our last acquired
members of the party near the base
of the main ridge, then at the invitation
of our sheep-herder acquaintance we
went to have a bite of warm food
with him at his camp in Merchant
Valley. At the base of the main ridge
the areas of larkspur were very large
and painted the hillside a deep purplish
blue. The sheep-herder's camp was at
about 9000 feet and meadows there
and the drier slopes well repaid
examination. Here we found the
highest Aryphia and Circotettix, as
well as Trimerotropis rufus. We had
a wonderful meal of ~~roast~~ fried mutton,
sour-dough biscuits, beans and
coffee, well cooked and lots of it. It
was typical western hospitality - a
smiling man who put anything he
had before you and hoped you would
eat all you could. Bidding our
host goodbye we crossed the divide
between Merchant Valley and Puffer
Lake Valley and were in camp shortly
after three. Our knees were lame
and our legs ached, but we felt good
otherwise and wrote notes, then
Morgan and Mr. Finner went after
horses.

A pipit with white-outer tail feathers.
Serval on summit of Helens Peak.
Red-shafted Flicker. Numerous at
about 9500 at head of Merchant
valley.

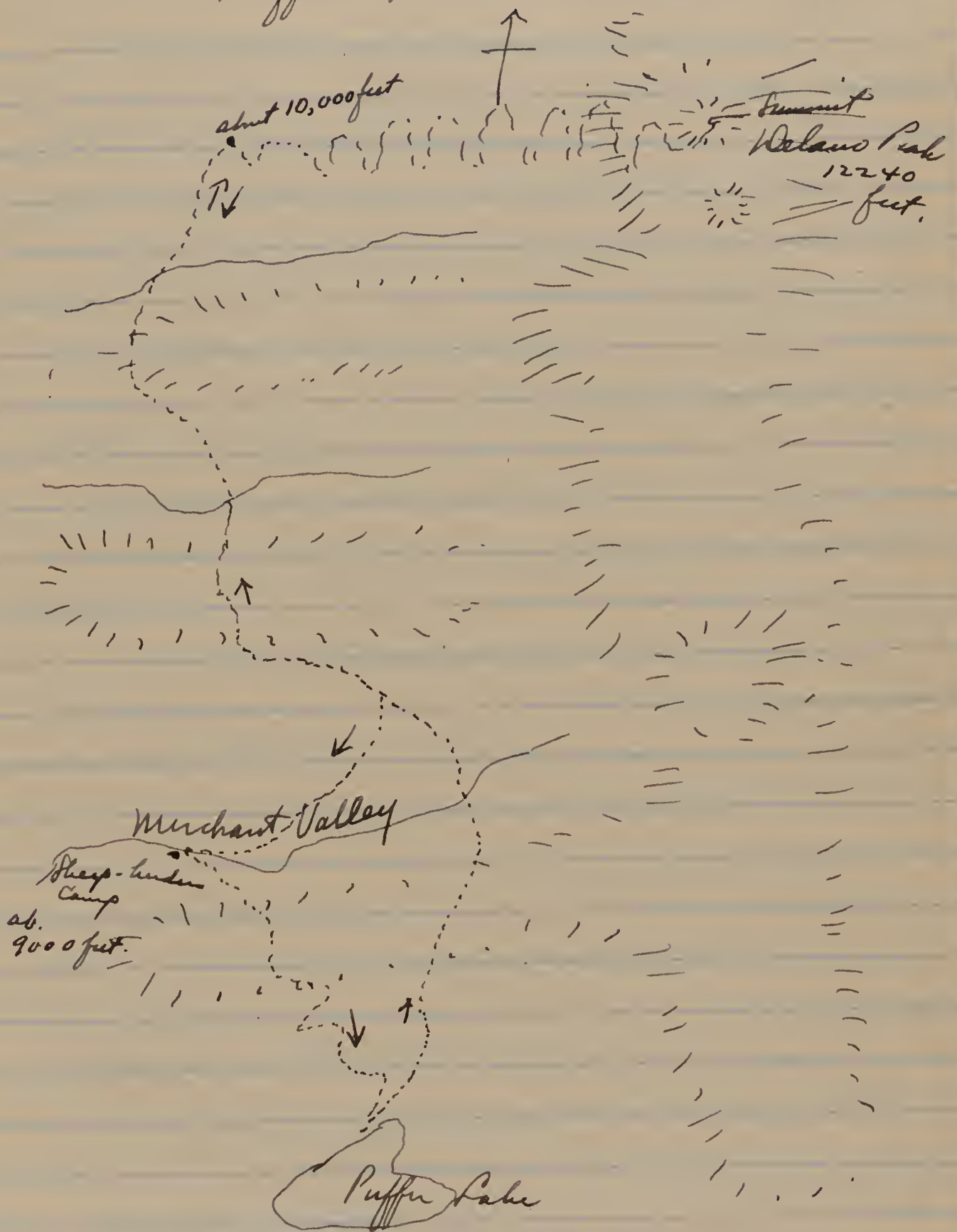
Golden Eagle. One soaring over top of
range and tail feather found on
slope.

Canada Jay. One at Puffer Lake camp
in morning.

Junco. Numerous from Puffer
Lake to about 9500 feet.

Pikas. Heard at 10,500 feet.

Rough map.
Puffer Lake to Helans Peak



August 22, 1926. Puffer Lake, Tushar Mts. to Beane, Beane Co., Utah.

We were about shortly before six, had breakfast, broke camp and started down the mountain, the horses going ahead. It was a beautiful clear morning, possibly not quite as cool as yesterday. Our first stop was at Britto's Meadow, where three creeks empty into Beane Creek. The elevation here is 7000 feet. We shot a groundhog here, the type loc. of Marmota engelhardti, and I skinned it out and dosed it with borax. Unfortunately the skull was smashed so badly by the shot that it was not worth preserving. After collecting here we ran on down grade to Merchants Valley some hundreds of feet lower, where the first sage is evident, altho' the sage Orthoptera were not present. Continuing down we collected next in a small flat on a shoulder in the canyon, where sage and manzanita grew. Here we got the first sage brush species. Another station lower down was more typically sage, with yellow-flowered rabbit weed which brought in Hesperotettix.

Another stop at the mouth of the canyon in typical sage condition gave Herodias h. rileyana and Mesochorus impressus among other things. We reached Beaman about 2.30 and Mr. Farner insisted that we spend the night with him. We then removed several days beard, washed fairly well and put up specimens until time for dinner. We were both surprised that we had virtually no lameness from yesterday's riding.

Long-crested Jay. Numerous about camp at Puffer Lake in morning.

Aug. 23, 1926. Beaman to Pass on Wah-wah Mts., west of Wah-wah Springs, Beaman Co., Utah.

We were up shortly after six o'clock and soon had breakfast. Loading the food truck we are to use then occupied us, followed by the purchase of additional food supplies. Leaving Beaman at 9.40 AM. we headed off toward Milford, working in the Beaman Valley and at Minersville, in the draw between the Mineral Range and the Bald Hills. At Milford we had our steering gear knuckles tightened up, filled up gas and

took in ten gallons of cased
gas, then lunched, and finally
endeavored unsuccessfully to buy
some cots. It was about three o'clock
when we headed westward from
Milford on the Ely road. We worked
with fair success on the edge of the
bench west of Milford, then started
a gradual but very evident climb
around the south base of the Beaver
Lake Mts. toward the mining town
of Frisco. This place - 20 miles from
Milford - has reached the quiescent
stage, largely abandoned, but with
a mine or so working on tailings.
Silver was the main production in
the past. Frisco is at the south
foot of the San Francisco Mts, and
just beyond it on the west side of
the same range is the virtually
abandoned camp of Newhouse.
West of the San Francisco Mts. opens
up the broad expanse of the Wah-
wah Valley, gradually sloping
northward to Silver Lake. Across
it looms up the Wah-wah Mts, the
higher summits of which must reach
9000 feet, but which are typically
great Basin Mts covered on their
slopes with juniper - piñon. The
view across this valley was

splendid, and reminded us very much of similar valleys to the westward in Nevada. The road crossed much of the valley in a perfectly straight ^{line} and climbed the far side similarly to Mah-wah Spring, which is some distance to the south of the road with a grove of lumbering poplars to mark it a long way off. The climb up the canyon above Mahwah Springs was a very stiff one, and our Ford truck did nobly, keeping on until within a few hundred feet of the actual summit, when we had to cool it by giving it some water. The summit is about 1000 feet above Mahwah Springs and close to 1800 above the lower level of Mah-wah Valley, while it is juniper and piñon country down nearly to the Spring. We camped in park-like juniper and piñon country just west of the summit. Our beds laid out, a good supper of bacon, eggs, bread, jam, coffee and canned pears under our belt, we soon started putting away material which occupied considerable time, while Morgan tried periodically to get a Capnobates he had located.

Numerous ducks (sps.?) in irrigation
ditches near Beam.

Pied-billed Grebe. Three in irrigation
slough near Minersville.

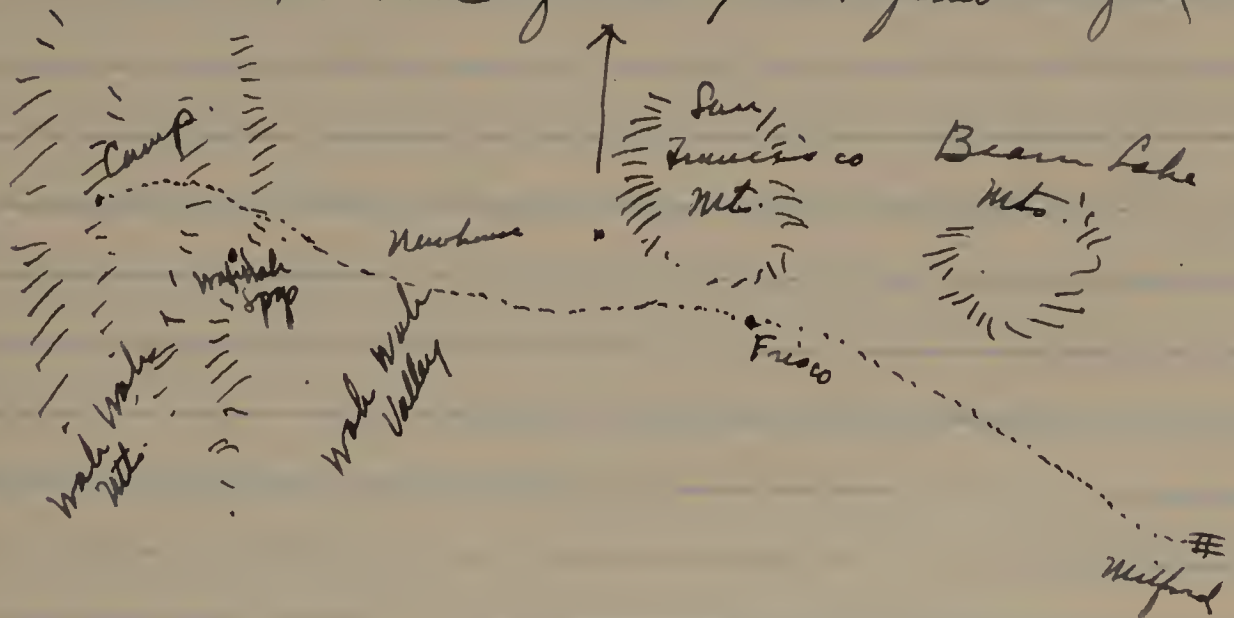
Ran. Two at Milford.

Antelope found Squirrels. Numerous
for some distance west of Milford.

A ground squirrel of the mollis
type. Numerous around Frisco.

Jack rabbit. Two investigated
our camp at Wahwah Pass just at
sunning.

Route of Aug. 23. from Milford



August 24, 1926. Pass in Wah Wah Mts.,
Utah to Lehman's Cany, Nevada.

We were up shortly before six o'clock, and
after a good breakfast and some time
collecting in there on our way. The
road dropped rapidly to the sweep
of Pine Valley west of the Wah Wah
Range and in but a few minutes
we were out of the juniper & piñons. An
iron discombed one of our front tires
was flat and pumped that up. The
Pine Valley floor is not as low as that
of Wah Wah Valley and we worked on
both slopes, as well as ~~was~~ in the reddish
lava hills which border it on the
west and which we also crossed. To
the west of these hills lay the broad
and well named White Sage Valley,
which has a higher level than even
~~the~~ Pine Valley and which leads into
the Snake Valley. White Sage Valley is
most unimpressive and there was
little variety in its *Cercophora*, altho'
apparently two species of *Cordillaria*
were represented and the *Hesperotettix*
there was exceedingly small. When
we passed into the Snake Valley,
which is done without crossing
any divide, but merely dropping
off of a bench of the level of
White Sage Valley, we found the
road very badly cut up, and with

bad ruts and numerous chuck
holes, which made us change our
other front tire. About Preuss Lake
the going was very bad and also
about the little settlement of Garrison.
Most of us traversed the Snake Range
with Mt. Wheeler dominating the
whole landscape. Crossing the Mex-
ican line in our own at ~~Baker~~ Baker,
where we replenished gas and water
and inquired about horses for
Mt. Wheeler. We were directed to Lehman's

Can, and after climbing six miles
of steep grade we reached the little
resort at the Can. Currently we
wrecked our faw belt and I accident-
ally cut my hand endeavoring to
help fix it. We filled our radiator
and crept the last part of the
climb with a quiet fan. At the
Can we installed our selves in
cots in tent cabins and arranged
for horses the next day. The
elevation here is 7000 feet. In the
evening we went a mile into Lehman's Can
Great Blue Heron. One in thicket
near Garrison.

Brewer's Blackbird. Numerous
near Garrison, Baker & at Lehman's
Can.

Pine Jay. Morgan shot one at
Mule Park & Pass camp.

Aphelocoma sp. Semal about Tehuacan
Carr.

Rare. Semal in White Sage Valley.

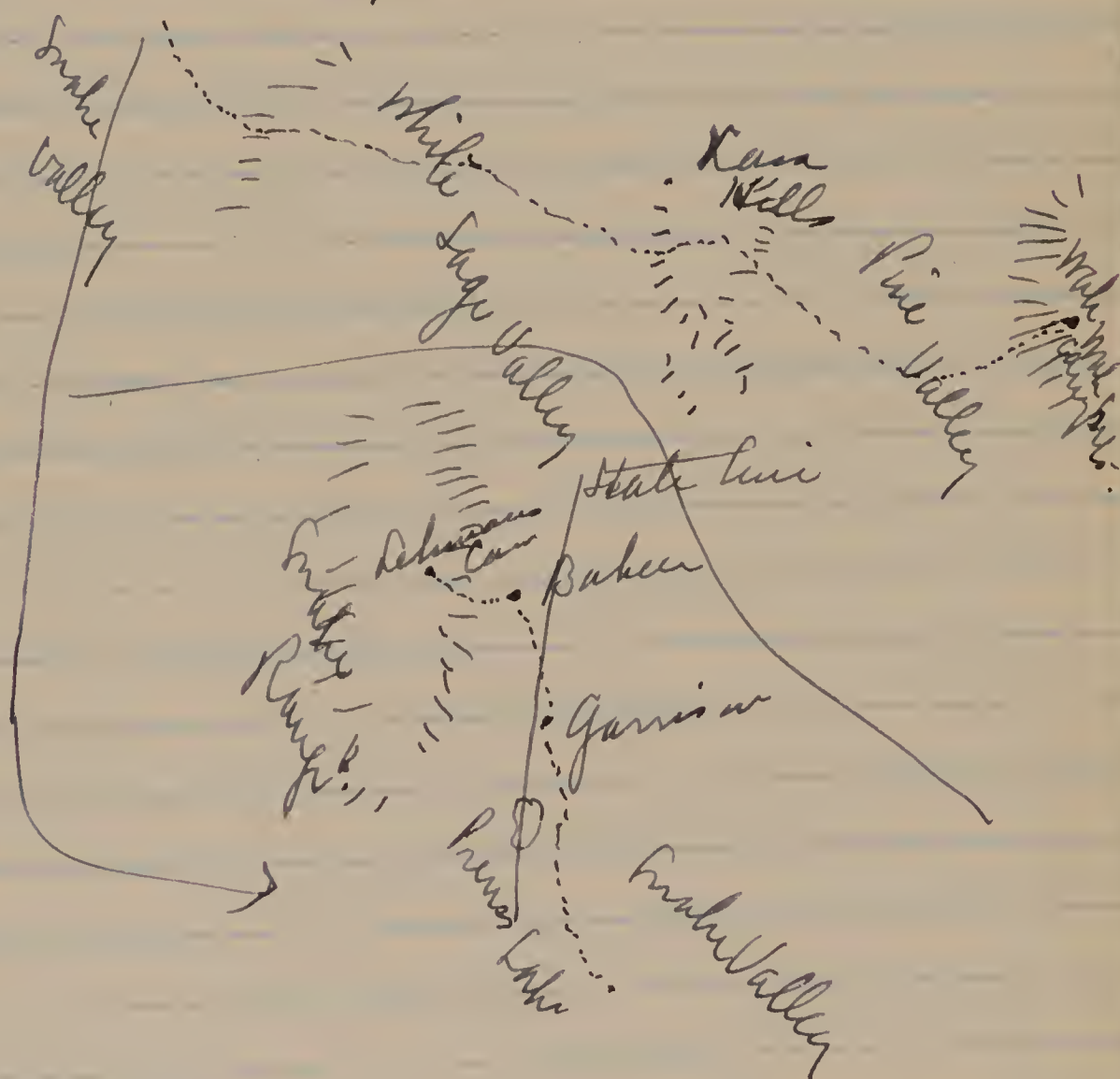
Sprikes. Numerous in Snake Valley.

Empidonax-like flycatcher. - sat
my straight, had considerable
sing. grayish above, yellow beneath.

Semal in poplars of ranch near
Garrison.

Turned Lake. Numerous in all
desert valleys crossed to-day.

Route Aug. 24.



August 25, 1946. Rehman's Can to Mt. Wheeler - return.

We were up at 5.15 A.M. and after a hasty breakfast we left on saddle horses at 7.15. Our plan was for Morgan and Mr. Farness to ~~try~~ to reach the summit of Mt. Wheeler from Stella Lake, where we would leave our horses, while I was to work the slopes adjacent to the lake. We climbed steadily from juniper & piñon, to bull pine (a few), many mountain mahogany, to aspen, spruce and fir. The grade steadily increased and we made very good time in spite of it, reaching the lake at 9.15. To the north loomed the bulk of the double peaks of Mt. Wheeler, with a deep cirque between in which was considerable snow in the crevices, some but a few feet above the level of the lake. Mr. Farness and Morgan at once struck off for the high peak, while I climbed the north wall of the canyon, circled the col to the west, climbed a fair sized peak, descended rock slides, etc. down from a snow bank for thirst and picked up the few specimens encountered. The day was perfect. The lake is 10,000 feet, the summit of Mt. Wheeler slightly over 13,000 feet, the highest point reached by me, about 10,800 feet.

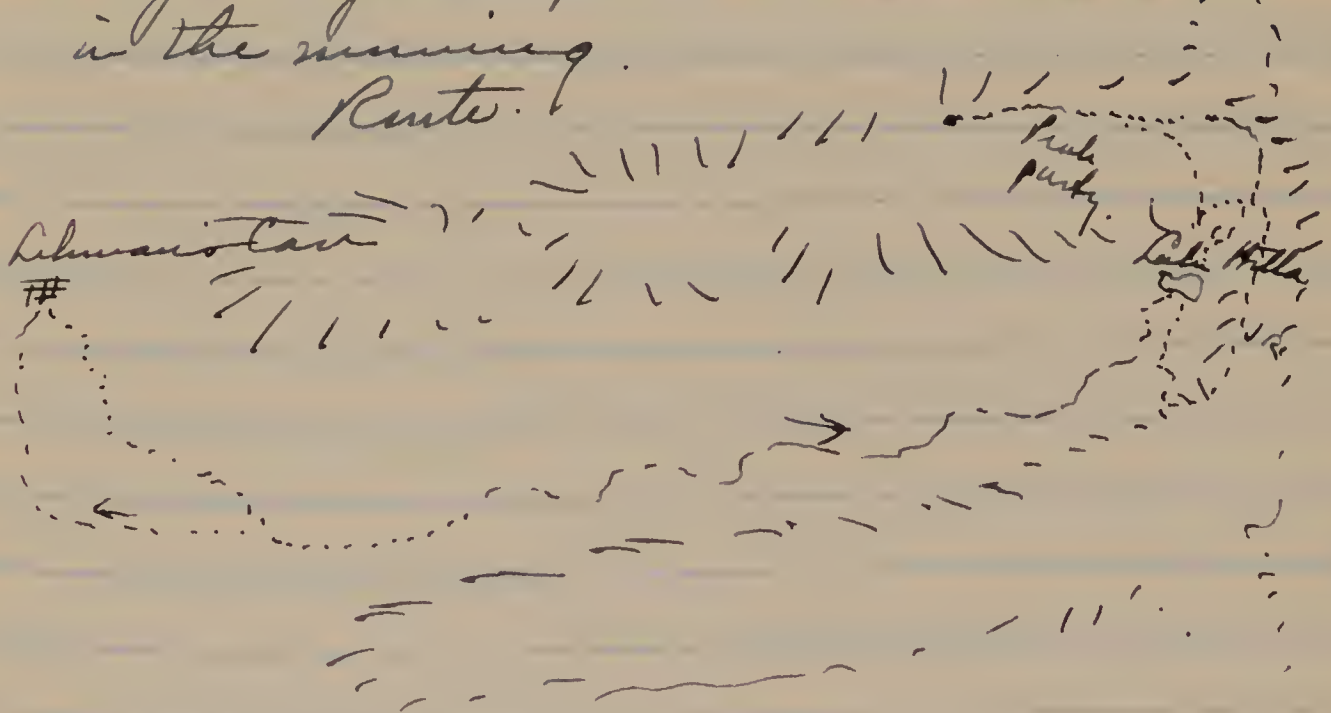
At 2.45 I could make out the two figures
of our peak party in the sky line and it
was evident they were making a short
cut by descending a long and steep
rock slide at least 2000 feet high. It
was ^{after} 4.00 o'clock before they reached the
Lake, very tired and lame. The climb
had been exceedingly trying, largely
on broken rock and across slides.
We were back at Lehman's Carr about
7.00 o'clock. After putting up material
we at once turned ~~it~~ in.

Clark's Crow. One on slopes above
Lake Stella.

Golden Eagle. One seen very close
by Morgan on summit.

Aphelocoma Jay. A congregation on
a garbage dump at Lehman's Carr
in the morning.

Route.



August 26, 1926. Lehman's Can, Nevada
to Rainbow Valley, House Range, Millard
Co., Utah.

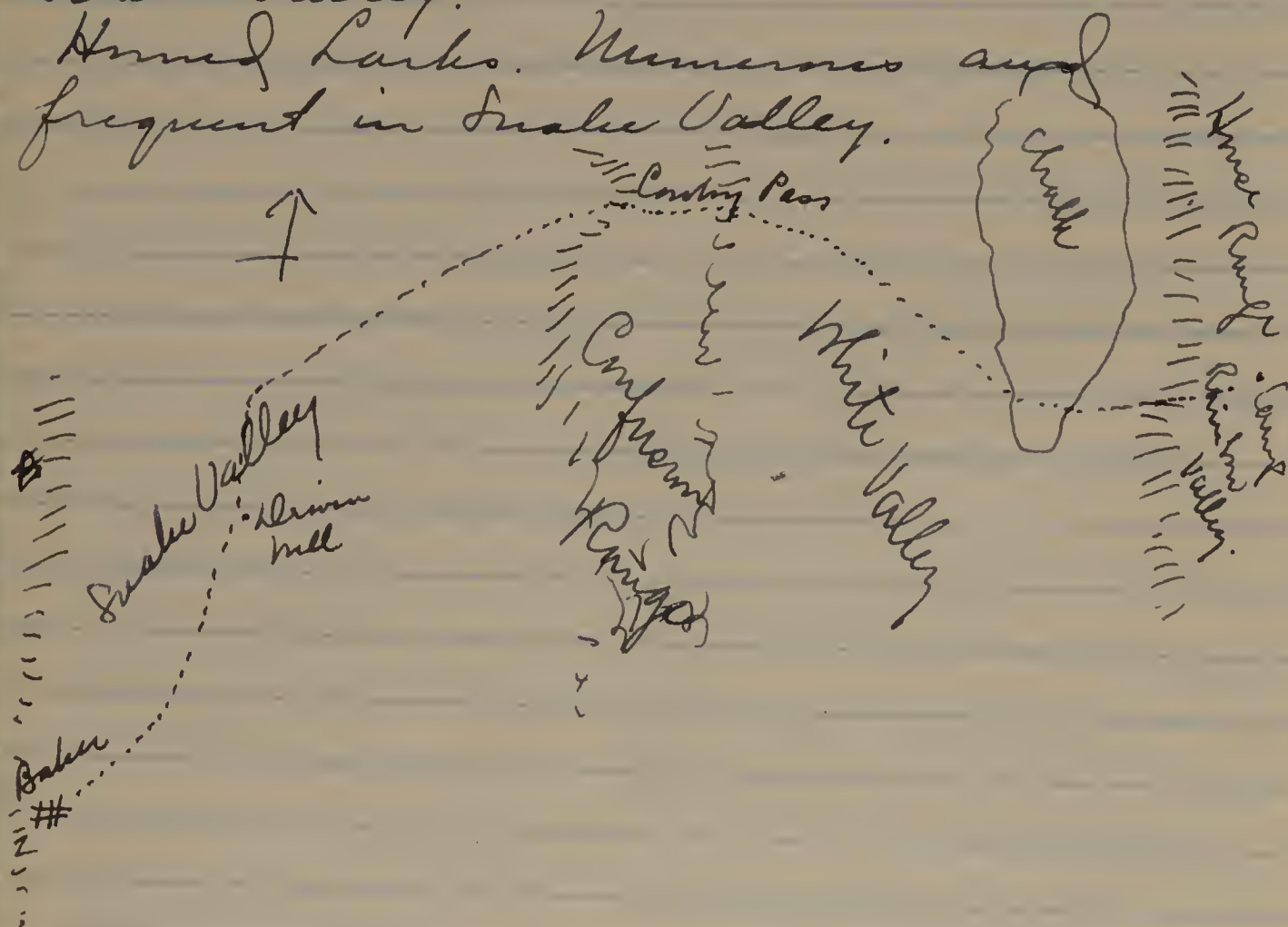
We were active about six and immediately
after breakfast packed and started down
the grade to Baker, where we had a
tire ^{tube} patched, put on a new fan belt
and filled up with gas and oil. At
10.15 we were under way, headed out
across the unprepossessing Snake Valley,
~~last~~ bound for Helta, in the Sierrita Desert.
Our plan was to try to make Marjorie
Pass in the House Range, nearly sixty
miles, for our night camp. The Snake
Valley is most unattractive, and exceedingly
broad, and but little of interest
to us is to be found in it, although
we worked at several localities. A
drum well, making a stock watering
place just on the Utah line provided
a suitable environment for Conozoa,
the first seen so far this trip. Past
Simmons's Range and Meicham's
Ranch we travelled then headed more
east and less north for the ~~now~~
jumbled Confusion Range which
we crossed at Country Pass (5700
feet), about nine hundred feet
above the general level of Snake
Valley. We lunched and worked
at the west foot of Country Pass (
elev. 5300 feet), then passed the

summit and saw spread out before
us the forbidding ~~spectacle~~ ^{spectacle} of White Valley with its chalk beds
reaching for miles, and bounded on
the east by the sharp slopes and
cliffs of the House Range. We had
been told that the road was bad
through the chalk beds, and when
we got down to them we found this
quite true, although we had but
about five miles which might really
be called bad. We worked in some
forbidding looking hills near the
floor of the valley and found almost
nothing. After finally emerging from
the deep and numerous cuts in the
powdery chalk we were white in
color and could only be thankful that
we did not have to negotiate them
during or after a rain. The west
slope of the House Range is very
steep and the grade up to Marjune
Pass is very considerable. At 5300 feet
we worked about the large wash which
comes down out of Rainbow Valley,
as the west slope of the canyon leading
to Marjune Pass is called. The
canyon walls are very picturesque
and full of caves large and small,
certain of which ^{we} were told contained
Indian material of cliff dwelling
character. ~~The~~ Here we found a

small force of men working on the road, and also a small spring, above which, at 5500 feet, we made camp. The road men told us the canyon was full of bats, and Morgan tried unsuccessfully to shoot some, then caught a small, pale myotis as it flew over the spring trough. He followed this up by collecting a series of two species of bats there with the aid of his net and a Golden Eagle. One flew over the road ahead of us coming across Snake Valley.

Kildeer. One at dinner well in Snake Valley.

Horned Larks. Numerous and frequent in Snake Valley.



August 27, 1926. Camp in Rainbow
Canyon, House Range, Utah to
Camp at Hillmore, Millard Co., Utah.

We were awake about six, after a
night which was not at all cool. We
soon had a good breakfast, replen-
ished water at the spring below the
camp and were under way about
eight. It was two and one-half
miles to the summit of the pass, ^(Merger Pass)
largely a pull in low gear, winding
around shoulders of the canyon and
often taking to the wash. From the
summit we had a considerable
view off to the east over the long
slopes leading down to the Sevier
basin. It was cold at the summit
^(6300 feet) and clouds cut off the sun most
of the time, so collecting there was
not exactly pleasant. Very shortly
we started down the long eastern
slope of the House Range into
the southern end of Whirlwind
valley, steadily dropping at good
speed as the road was fair. At
Soap Hollow we worked for some
time with good results and then
ran on over the flat and
desolate unreclaimed portion of
the Sevier basin north of Sevier
Lake, which could be seen stretching
off to the southward. At about

five miles east of Hinkle, one of the
new towns of the Delta-Desert section
we worked for some time and had
excellent success, getting among
other things a clear winged Trinerv-
trois. Running into the large
and thriving community of Delta,
we filled up gas, water, had lunch,
got three cots and a folding table,
and a few other things. Just missing
several good showers, we speeded on
at a very good clip on excellent roads
toward Billmore, thirty miles south-
east. After working two places
en route and some difficulty in
finally selecting a good camping
place, we stopped for the night
in a pretty grove of juniper
about three miles north of Billmore.
With the luxury of a camp table
and cots we were exceedingly
comfortable.

Raven. One on eastern slope
of House Range.

Sparrow Hawk. A number about
Delta.

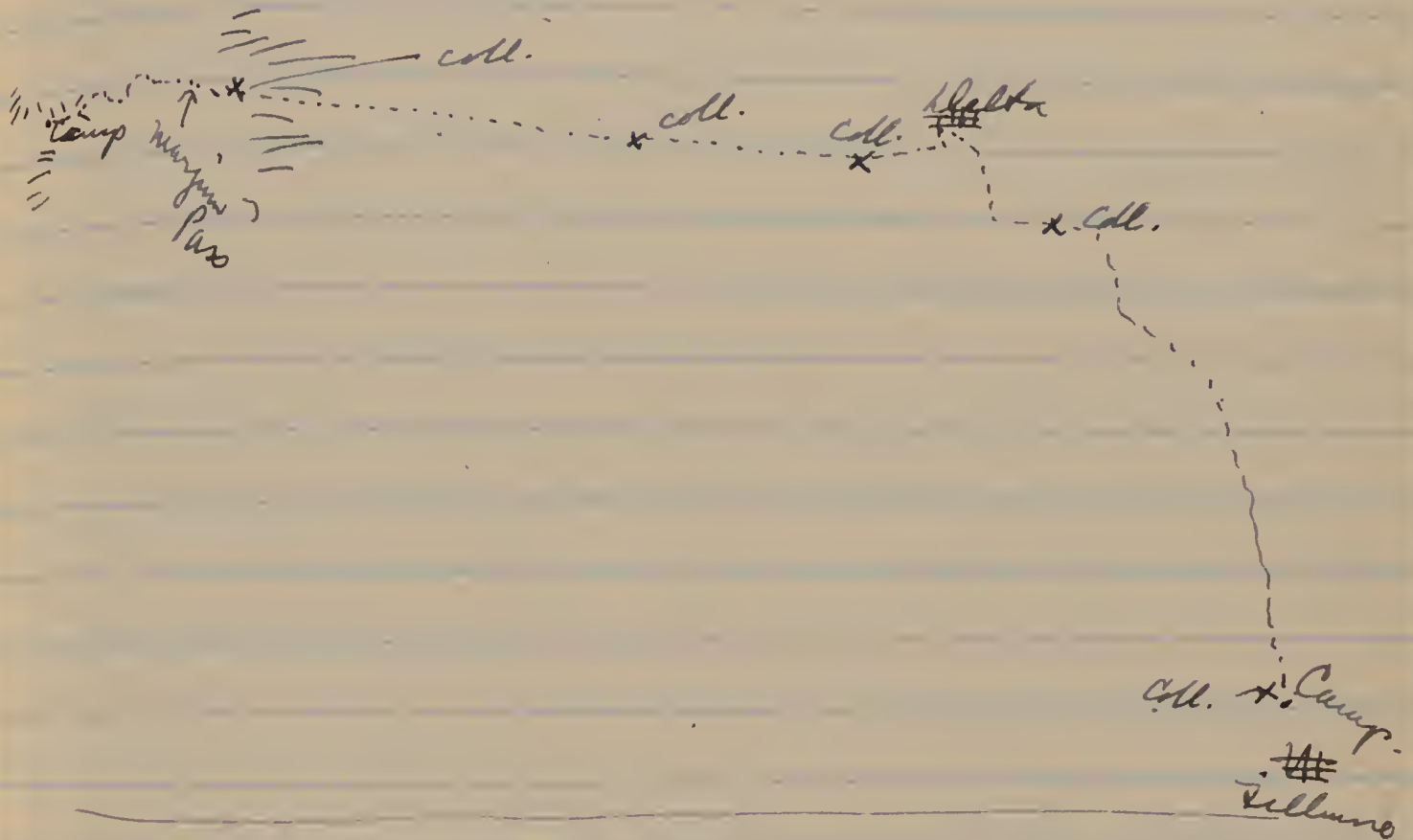
Brewer's Blackbird. Numerous
in settled areas about Delta.

Killdeer. One near water just west
of Hinkle.

Horned Lark. Numerous west of
Delta.

Louisiana Tanager. One near Delta
in irrigated area.

Aug. 27 route



August 28, 1916. Tillman CampTH to
camp south of Circleville, Piute Co.,
Utah.

We were astir about six, after a
good night's rest. Breakfast was
in our way before eight. After
getting a few supplies at Tillman,
a most attractive Mormon town with
broad streets and fine old trees. Some
miles along we passed through
Kanosh, a very similar town, and
beyond this we worked in two different
canyons, one on the slopes of
reddish hills. Some miles south of

Kamosh we crossed Hwy Valley, an area
encircled by low foothills of the
Pawant Range, and here we also worked
on hill slopes with good success. Cor
Fort a few miles further on is exceedingly
interesting, & being an old stone ranch
fort for protection from the Indians.
The inscription on the gate says
"Cor Ranch Fort, erected 1867." The
walls were pierced and looped for
rifle fire, embrasures also comman-
ding the heavy gates, while two walls
were lined ^{inside} with houses. Leaving Cor
Fort we started across the Clear
Creek divide to the upper Sevier. The
up grade on the west side is steep
and it made "Lena" work hard, but
on the summit it was a long,
rather even descent to the Sevier,
although through ^{narrow} gorge canyons
with vertical rock walls at
several places. We lunched under
cottonwoods at one pleasant place,
where the limestone rock was
deeply eroded. Coming out into
the Sevier, we turned south and for
a matter of few miles ran through
the pronounced Sevier Canyon, which,
however, widened out at Marysvale,
a very pleasant town, the terminus
of a spur of the R. & G. W.

From Maryvale we began to look for camping places, but it was well on an hour and we covered about twenty-five miles before we found a place where we could pull off the road and pass the night. The whole country from Maryvale to Junction, and beyond to Circleville is highly cultivated or thoroughly fenced for grazing. It was finally about seven o'clock before we were able to make camp in a sage flat a few miles or so beyond Circleville. As we had a pretty heavy wind we prepared the day's catch of more than 250 specimens ~~not~~ sitting in the front of the car.

Kingfisher. One along Clear Creek -
another along Silver River.

Raven. Several near Kanosh.
Cassins (?) Kingbird. Numerous
about Kanosh.

Meadow Lark. Numerous series near
the settlements.

Brewer's Blackbird. Quite.

Wren. Numerous at a number of
localities -

Louisiana Tanager. 1 ♀ in Clear
Creek Canyon near ranches.

Sage Thrasher. Number near Kanosh.

Azure Bluebird. Sev. in Clear Creek
Canyons

Route Aug. 28

#~~Telluride~~

Parson

Kamsack Mts.

Big Valley

Camp

Tushar Mts

Marysville

Junction

Circleville

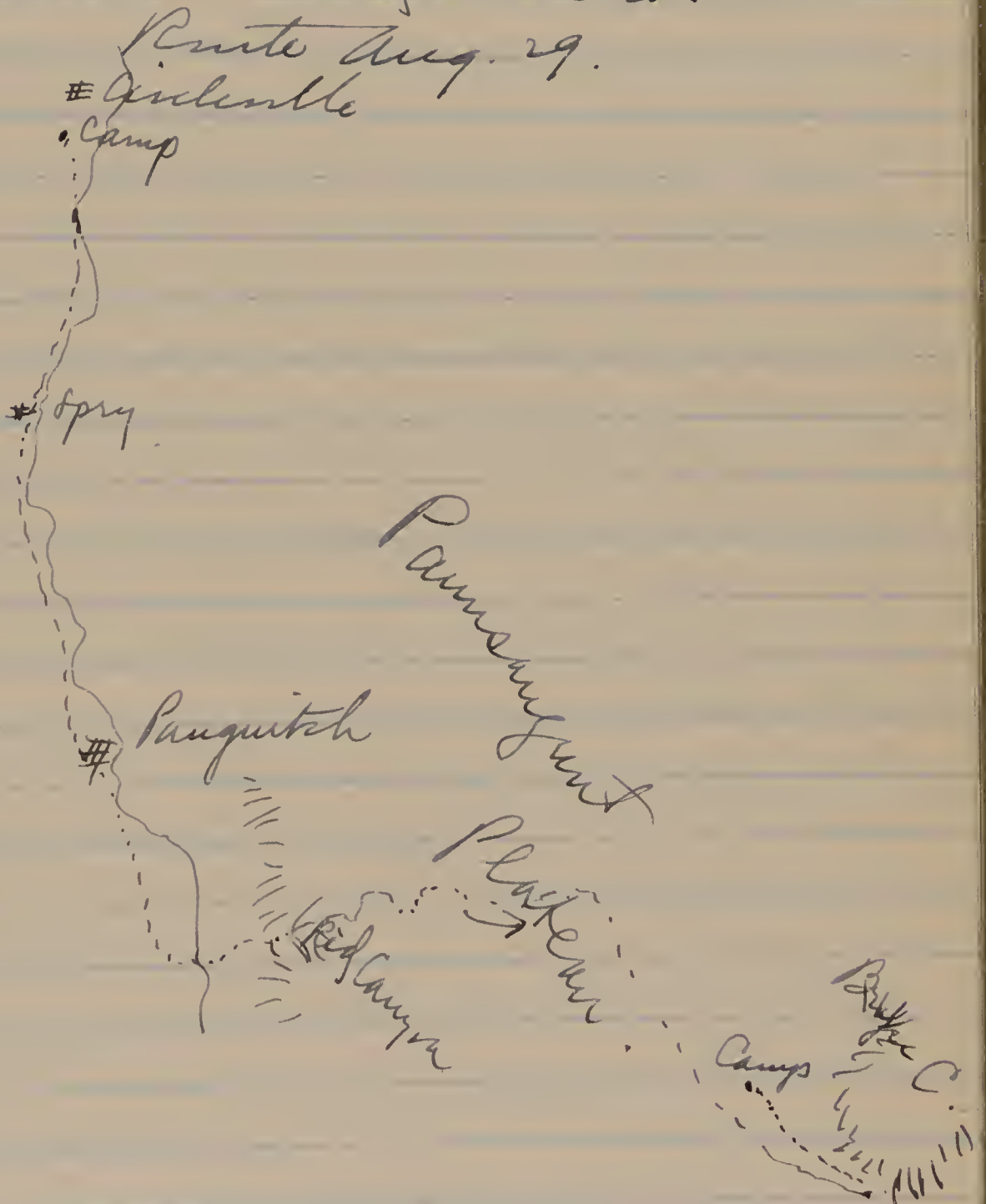
Camp.

August 29, 1916. Circleville Camp to Bryce Canyon, Utah.

The night was cool but I was so well tucked in I wasn't at all cold and awakened but few times. We were up at six, had breakfast, some trouble starting Rena and then I shot a prairie dog a short distance on the road. We reached Panguitch shortly before noon, after collecting several places and facing a steady cold breeze, with a sky full of clouds. At Panguitch we had a little difficulty about licence tags on our car, which, however, was soon adjusted. Running south from Panguitch for a number of miles, still along the Sevier River, we could see to the east across the river the reddish eroded escarpment of the Pamsanguant Plateau at Castro Canyon and Red Canyon. Our route led up Red Canyon with its bizarre, deep red eroded pillars and slopes. Here we encountered "saw log" bull pine, and also had several sprinkles of rain. Steadily climbing we left the canyon and pulled out on the top of the Pamsanguant Plateau, which here is largely open with

pine forest in the distance, off to
the north east the landscape being
dominated by the great escarpment
at the south end of Adam's Head.
Work here in a largely black sage
environment amazed us by producing
the rare and little known Pediosci-
Felis nevadensis, and while we
all searched long and hard, Morgan
took the catch, 1 ♂, 1 ♀. Lurching
here in their march on toward Bryce
Canyon, stopping to work in the
open forests and groves of tall pine,
where we took specimens of two
short-winged species of Melanophus.
In the noon again we reached
Bryce Canyon and drank in the
wonders of that weird and uncanny
piece of the earth's surface. Its
tints of pink and orange are un-
passed and for sheer bizarreness
one cannot imagine more diversity.
About five o'clock we ran back along
the road several miles and camped
in open pine land, preparing for a
cold night, as the elevation is 8200
feet.

Chestnut-backed Blackbird. Numerous
 along Sevier River & in Red Canyon.
 Louisiana Tanager. One ♀ near
 Bryce Canyon.
 Magpies. Numerous about farms
 in the upper Sevier valley.
 Brewer's Blackbird. ditto.



Aug. 30, 1926. Bryce Canyon to
Panguitch Plateau, near Cedar
Breaks, Utah.

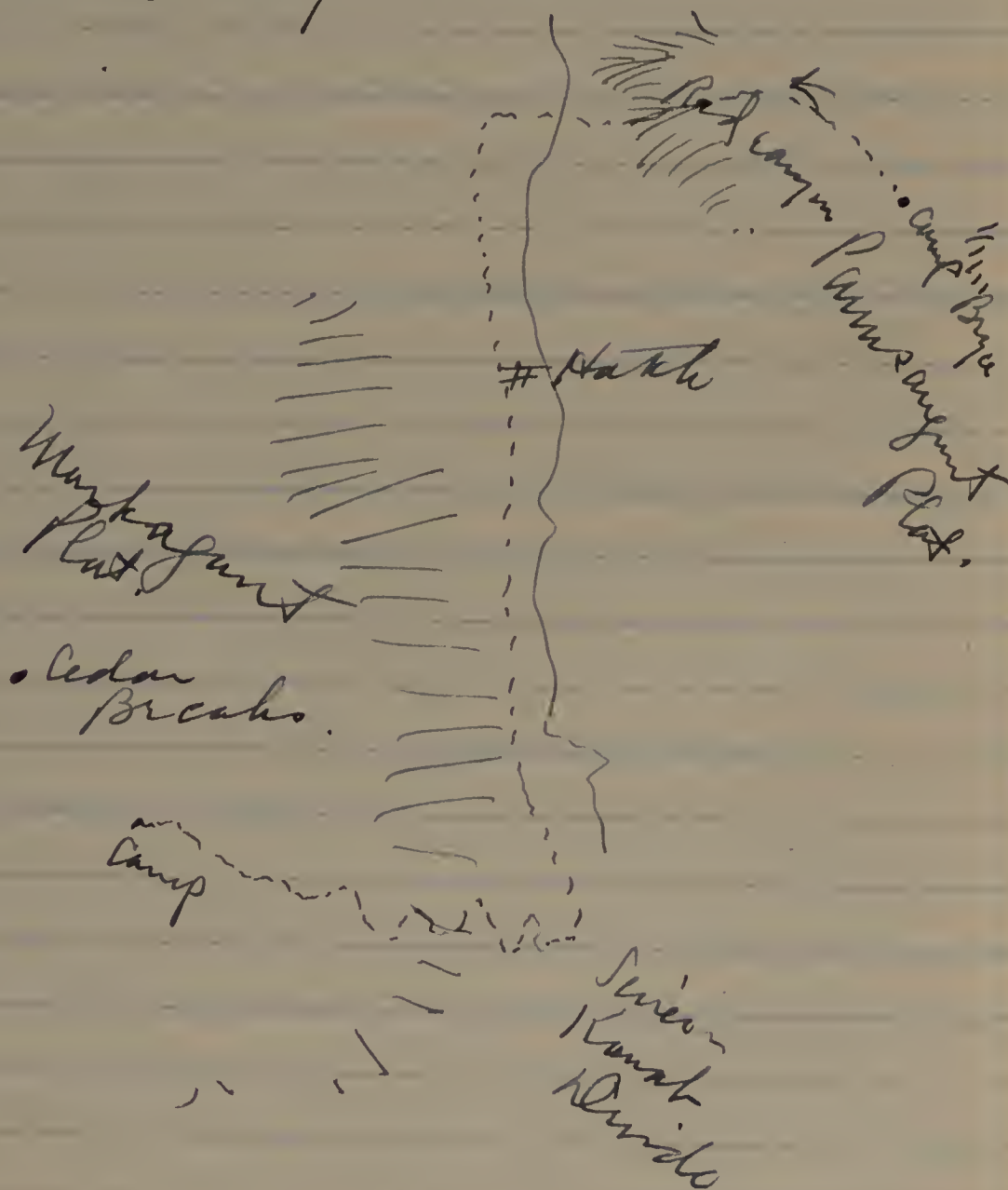
The night was by no means as cold
as we feared it would be, and as
we wanted to work in the general
vicinity of our camp we were not
particularly early in arising. After
breakfast and with the promise
of a perfect day before us, we worked
for some hours in the open pine
groves near where we were camped.
Here we caught a fair ~~sp~~ series of the
new *Melanoplus* we had taken yester-
day, as well as a number of other
good things. Running in some miles
out on the more open portions of the
Panguitch Plateau we worked at
several other places, one where we
had taken *Pediocirtetes* yesterday,
vainly endeavoring to get more of
that species. The wind by this
time had started blowing very
strongly, and it continued violently
all day until evening. Running
down into the lower portion of
Red Canyon we had lunch and
did some collecting, getting one
Bradyrotes, a series of *Cicostethus*
and several other things. Here I
took several pictures of the remarkable

erision of the Red Bed formation
from which the canyon gets its
name. In its way and on a smaller
scale it suggests Bryce Canyon.
Leaving Red Canyon we crossed the
River and headed south toward
the town of Hatch, steadily climbing,
the valley taking on more and
more the aspect of a mountain
meadow. At Hatch we took on
gas and oil and continued
southward, climbing steadily
until we reached the road
which turns westward up on the
Markagunt Plateau to Cedar
Breaks. The point at which we
left the Tanguitch - Kanab road
is well over 7000 feet, but the first
four miles of the Markagunt
road is a succession of heavy
climbs, and from then on the
country rolls with more, much
more, climbing than dropping. The
Markagunt Plateau is entirely
different from the Panguant
Plateau, being a heavily wooded -
pine, fir, spruce - aspen, region
with open glades and valleys,
usually with streams. The general
level is close to 9000 feet and
there are no open sage areas as
in the Panguant. We made

camp some miles before reaching
Cedar Breaks in a glade in fir and
spruce, protected from the wind
which had been heavy. Horses hoping
in unit freeze to-night.

Agave Bluebird. Numerous in
Sevier Valley.
Juncos. Numerous in timber
in Markagunt Plateau.

Route Aug. 30.



Aug. 31, 1926. From camp on Markagunt
Plateau to camp n. w. of Kanab,
Utah.

The night was cold, in fact made
ice in our wash basin, and as we
later found frosted leaves between the
camp and Cedar ~~Breaks~~ Breaks. I had,
however, no difficulty keeping warm
the way I had my bed made, but
my covers were so heavy they fairly
lamed me. A good fire and a
hot breakfast were most acceptable,
and then we had trouble getting
the truck started. It was apparently
so cold that it took much time
and energy before it came to life.

From the camp we climbed grades
and crossed meadows to Cedar
Breaks, high alpine meadows,
some with great sheets of lava
blocking much of them. At Cedar
Breaks we drank in the grandeur
of the view from the rim at 10,400
feet. It is more impressive in
size than Bryce Canyon, but has
much less of the wonderful
coloring and the erosion is not as
complicated. We collected there
in really high Hudsonian meadows
and then dropping down, worked
at a number of places, chiefly
meadowy areas, sitting among

Other things both sexes of a Sciurus
and a large series of Melanophus
brevialis, which swarmed in one
meadow. We lunched alongside
of Black Creek, at the lower edge
of the Canadian Zone, and then
ran on down hill through the
burr pine and oak scrub belts,
to the junction with the main
north and south road, where we
turned south in the direction
of Kanab and the Grand Canyon.
The junction is at the divide between
streams flowing north to the
Sevier sink and south to the
Colorado. Shortly on the divide we
were in the headwaters of the Virgin
River, and this we followed for
nearly thirty miles, partly through
canyon country and again through
a region of irrigated fields,
distinctly warmer and therefore
more pleasant than any ^{region} we had
been in for some few days. Passing
through Glendale we took on gas,
and after leaving the little settle-
ment of Mt. Carmel behind we crossed
the Virgin and climbed a thousand
feet up a heavy grade to the
top of a rolling plateau, where
we camped under junipers, in
(almost

the shadow of a great mass of the
 White Cliff Escarpment to the
 east. The cliffs, however, are white
 yellow above and reddish beneath.
 We watched the sunset change their
 colors, then packed material, ~~and~~
 wrote notes and then turned in.

Sparrow Hawks. Numerous on the
 Markagunt Plateau. One hovering
 and apparently catching
 grasshoppers!

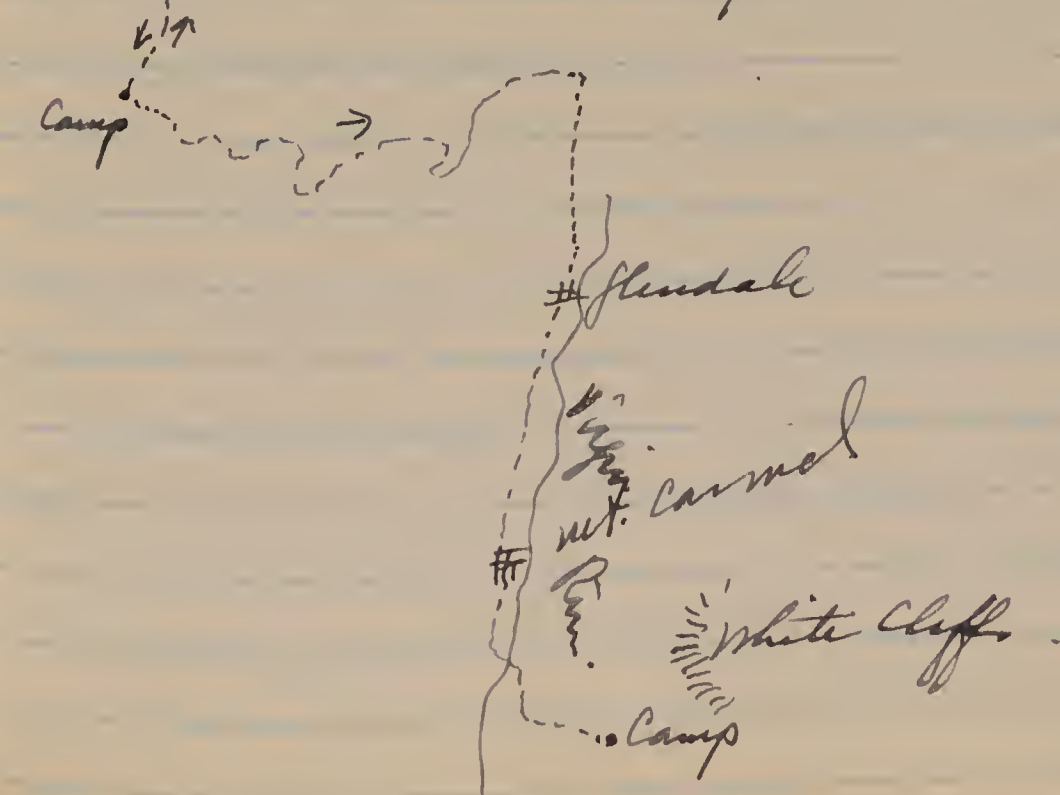
Hum. Numerous. Upper Rio Virgin.
 Azure Bluebird. Very numerous
 above 8000 feet on Markagunt
 Plateau.

Apparently western vesper sparrow.
 Numerous on Markagunt Plat.

Meadow Lark. Sev. Upper Virgin
 River.

Cedar Breaks

Route Aug. 31



September 1, 1926. Camp N. W. of Kanab
(i. e. under White Cliffs) to camp in
Kanab Plateau, Arizona.

I was pretty cool in the night, as I
had shared some of my covers with a
man who drove in late with his car
lamps burned out and who in consequence
could not go down the steep grade to
the Virgin River. We all had
breakfast about 7.00, packed and were
off at eight, driving in the areas of
pinkish sand before we reached
Three Lakes, and again at the
latter very attractive spot. Coming
out into the ~~at~~ canyon of Kanab
Creek we followed it down through
the encircling cliffs of red sandstone
to near Kanab, where we gave the
last of the escarpment an examina-
tion, as well as the flat of the valley.
We had splendid success here as
well as back in the red sandhills
under ^{the} White Cliffs. Running into
Kanab we bought needed supplies,
gas, oil, had our timing box overhauled
and had a splendid lunch, which
for quality and quantity we could
not match in Phila. for the price (\$1.65).
We left Kanab at 1.00 P. M. and a
mile and a mile and a half south
in the low Shinarump cliffs we

worked with very good success
for a considerable time. Crossing
the Arizona line we worked again
under the Shinarump Cliffs of
sandstone just before reaching
the only settlement of any size between
Kanab and the Grand Canyon -
Fredonia. From Fredonia we
ran southeast for miles on an
excellent road over the Prismatic
Plains and then began to climb
the slopes of the Vermilion Kaibab
Plateau. The view to the north
from the escarpment was superb,
the Vermilion Cliffs, which are
directly north of Kanab, rising
like a great step, above which
the next gigantic rise of the
White Cliffs stood out sharply,
while far off the highest of the
escarpments, the Pink Cliffs, could
just be defined. We pulled up
somewhat over two thousand feet
on the Plateau, through the juniper
and piñon belt and camped in
open hill pine forest at about
7200 feet. Just before we stopped
to camp a porcupine lumbered
hurriedly across the path in
front of us.

Shrike. Numerous near Kanab
and also along the Rio Virgin
the past few days.

Raven. One in Prismatic Plains.
Western Red-tailed Hawk. Close to
me at Three Lakes.

Horned Larks. Numerous in Prismatic
Plains. Great Blue Heron. One at

Pinyon Jays. Numerous along ^{Three Lakes.}
Kanab Creek.

Long Crested Jay. Several at
White Cliff camp.

White Sept. 1.

Camp White Cliffs

Three
Lakes

Vermilion Cliffs.

Kanab

Cliff

Fredonia

Prismatic
Plains

Kanab

Panguitch

Camp

September 2, 1926. Camp N.W. portion of
Kaibab Plateau to Bright Angel
Point and back to camp near former.

We were away about six o'clock and
after breakfast were soon on the road
southward. First our course led
through open forests of bull pine to
Jacobs' Lake Ranger Station, where
there is also a small service station.
From our camp to the Ranger Station
we saw a fine specimen of the white-
tailed squirrel, and at the service
station was a beautiful ^{captain} bee alive.
The road steadily rolled higher
and higher from Jacobs' Lake, the
aspens and firs began to come in
increasingly as we climbed, until
no bull pine were left. Here we began
to see the deer, singles, two and groups
of four to six, some very close to the
road. We saw no bucks in the morning,
all fawns and does, but in the
afternoon in and near Mc Mott
Park we saw many bucks, quite a
few large ones. Running on mile
after mile, up and down hill,
around endless curves, we began
to cross long narrow park-like
glades, in one of the first of
which Morgan got a small
series of Bradynotes. The largest

of these parks in the Mott Park, eight miles long and not more than half a mile wide, with an average elevation of about 5000 feet. The wind all morning had been piercingly cold and up in the firs it was particularly bad. As we approached Bright Angel the grades increased in sharpness and length, and finally in not two miles from the point our truck died on a hill and no amount of work would make her pull it. Feeling that low gasoline was the main reason, we took an empty five gallon can and walked to the camp at Bright Angel Point, where we got five gallons of gas which Mr. Farner took back on the running board of a car, while Morgan and I had lunch, viewed the canyon and picked up some specimens, including the first *Arizona Gymnophocerus*. At 3 o'clock we started back to the car and found that after several attempts to get up the hill he had given it up, turned the car and was waiting for us to return. As we wished to camp in warmer climes, down in the juniper and piñon belt, we started back the 44 miles to Juroto Ranger Sta.,

intending to camp about six or more miles beyond that point. The car stopped along fairly, but gave some trouble until we found the difficulty, then did very well. We were afraid of some of the grades in the first eighteen miles from the Point, but we made them all ~~for~~ fortunately. In De Motte Park and vicinity we saw lots of deer and tried to take several pictures of them. Speeding along up and down hill, around the innumerable curves, we reached Jacobs Ranger Sta. about sun o'clock, filled up with gas and then pushed on to a camping place in the juniper and pine. The sunset, which we could glimpse as we ran along, was gorgeous. Making camp in a growing darkness was not pleasant, and after having to replace mantles in the camp I found it's feed needed unhauling, so we limped along this evening with half our usual light.

Franklin's juncos. A hen and a half from me close at hand at Bright Angel.

Sparrow Hawks. Numerous.

Cassin's Kingbird. Sw. in De Motte Park.

White-bellied Swifts. Several at
higher elevations.
Audubon's Warbler. One at morning
camp.

Azure Bluebird. Many at numerous
points all day.

Long Crested Jays. Numerous at
lower levels.

Geese. Abundant in woodland.

camp ^{mu} 6000 feet Route Sept. 2.

camp 7000 feet ^{up} ↑

Jard's Lake Ranger Sta

Park

De Motte Park

Ridge here
reaching 9000 feet.

Height Angel Pt.
8150 feet

My impressions of the Grand Canyon
were very much like those of other
people. The vast depth, the apparently
immeasurable distances one can see
and the ever changing color tones of
the spires and cliffs as the play of
light is influenced by passing
cloud masses. In the more distant
portions of the canyon purplish-blue
haze lent distance to the view, and
off to the south one could see the
outlines of San Francisco Peak,
O'Leary Peak and Bill Williams
Mountain as haze masses on the
horizon. Clearly the view from
the north rim is not equal to that
from ^{the} south rim, as the long leading
ridges of the north side mask
the rim gorge and the plateau
from that direction.

September 3, 1926. Camp on slope
of Kaibab Plateau to camp nine
miles east of Pipe Spring, Coconino
Co., Arizona.

While the wind played tag from
various directions during the night
it did not bother me or prevent me
sleeping. Breakfast was very welcome
and while out in the brush a doe
mule deer came bursting by
within six feet of me. We spent an

hour or so working at the camp and its vicinity, with excellent success, getting a good series of Psychomastax chiefly from its host plant, that called "juniper" by Utahians. Dropping down the grade some hundred feet, but still in the juniper and piñon we spent some additional time very profitably. Leaving the slopes of the Kaibab Plateau entirely we examined several localities while crossing the broad expanse of the so-called "Prismatic Plains", but found relatively little. All day the wind blew steadily, as it has for nearly a week, but probably more to-day than before, although not as cold as it had been on the Kaibab and Markagunt Plateaus. At Fredonia we caught a new specimen for our light, filled with gas and moved westward toward

Pipe Spring. The road for the fifteen miles between the two was very poor, "rough and chunky" as we were told at Fredonia it would be. We worked at several places between in the shad-scale and rabbit-mud areas, with some success, but the wind made work exceedingly difficult and trying. Many dead mice

covered with loose reddish sand from the Shinarump cliffs to the north, while deep washes were numerous. The dust devils danced and roared and at times the whole road seemed to lift up and vibrate at you. At Pipe Spring is splendid water, an old stone fort built to repel Indian attacks and old shade trees. We filled up with good water and moved on to the westward, camping on a low ridge with juniper and piñon nine miles from Pipe Spring. Here Morgan shot a piñon jay.

Rain. One east of Fredonia.
Sparrow Hawks. A number

September 4, 1926. To camp on Virgin
Rim, Utah above La Verkin.

We were late arising and after breakfast we discovered that we were at the petrified forest which we had seen noted on maps of this region. We examined the immediate vicinity of our camp, which was on a sandy ridge, and found two considerably sized silicified logs and many fine fragments, while the ground was literally paved with small fragments. We collected a few pieces to take home. This point

is nine miles west of Pipe Spring.

Our first collecting station for the day was two miles west of our camp in a grassland area which greatly resembled in character and in its lithology the Great Plains. Here we took *Hadrotellix*, *Metatr* and many other things characteristic of the same fauna. A stop several miles west proved less productive and the road led us into a series of deep canyons in mesa-like country, with ups and downs very trying and efforts to secure any material here were fruitless. We lunched in one of these canyon valleys, near a single house known as Mt. Murphy, Arizona. A mile and a half away we crossed the Utah line. The road from this point to Hurricane, Utah is almost indescribable, as no work has been done on it in recent years and it is for many miles one succession of ruts and bumps, grades and sheets of dust. Moving slowly along, skirting the Vermilion Cliffs and dodging lava flows, we finally reached the top of Hurricane Cliff, with the little town of Hurricane and its

green fields and orchards spread out below us. Farther away was the Virgin River itself. To the north westward towered the Pine Valley Mts and to the north the southern edge of the Colob Plateau. The grade down the Cliff for nearly a thousand feet drop was very steep, and in certain portions of it we had everything the road could employ making to hold us. We were thankful when we reached the bottom.

At Hurricane we got gas, oil, water and other things, ~~where~~ then heading north we climbed some more and then dropped sharply to the Virgin River, which here emerges from a gorge it has cut in the Hurricane Cliff formations. Here we found Cnillea in fair abundance, and we walked for some time along the river. Cnillea was noted as high as 3500 feet on Hurricane Cliff. While Morgan got Boreoideotes here we did not find any of the usual inhabitants of Cnillea at this point. La Verkin was just at the top of the grade from the Virgin River, and here we bought grapes and peaches, which we consumed ad-lib. Some of the

white grapes were seedless and most
delicious. From La Verkin we climbed
our Hurricane Cliff by another, more
easily graded yet steep road, and
then headed up along the Virgin
River, camping some few miles below
Rockville at 3200 feet on a small
bench near the river. The sunset
was marvellous, the cliffs about us
and also toward Zion Park adding
to the brilliancy of their coloring
by taking the sunset tones. As the
shades of evening fell the purple to
red haze to the west was as vivid
as I have ever seen it anywhere. The
mesquite as found growing as far up
as our camp. One before reaching Utah
line.

great Horned Owl. Morgan saw
me at morning camp.
Pinyon Jay. Large flock passed
close to morning camp.
Plain Titmouse. One at morning
camp.
Goldfinches. At La Verkin.

September 5, 1926. Camp along Virgin
River below Rockville to camp in
hills southwest of Leeds, Washington
Co., Utah.

The night was not at all cold and
we with greatly reduced covers I
slept very comfortably. The early
morning light tinted the bluffs and
pinnacles about us with various
shades and tints and made a lasting
impression. After breakfast and camp
duties we started up the road to see
and work in Zion Canyon. We wound
around through the hills, largely
basalt, on a good road, with the
pinnacles and peaks of Zion Park
becoming nearer and nearer, and
higher and higher. Turning sharply
to the northward we left the Virgin
River and followed up the Mukuntu-
weap (Zion Creek), through Springdale
to the Ranger Station at the entrance
to Zion Park. The great pinnacles
and peaks which border the canyon
and park on either side towered
above us. We worked about a mile
inside the entrance, then again
up at the turnaround at the end
of the auto road. We found a
fine Olecanthus and a Platyspermum
by beating and several very

interesting Melanopli. We noted
one very interesting case of invasion
of biotic conditions high up on
the side walls of the canyon. On the
top of one of the domes we could see
pinyon, far below it bull pine, and
even below this in a rift where
sunlight could not readily penetrate
and with a rill of water was a
marked patch of spruce or fir.

We left the park and running down
to Springdale had our lunch at
the roadside, eating a large mush
melon which we had bought along
the road. Retracing our route
past the morning camp and on,
we dropped down off Hurricane
Cliff and ran along to the town
of Tropicville, an old settlement
with many fig trees, melon patches,
sorghum, corn and almond groves.
Filling up with gas and water we
turned southwest from the main
road northward, which leads to
Cedar City and Beaver, and headed
toward St. George. Just beyond the
Tropicville we worked in a sand
area and caught the first Utah
Cniana. Passing through Reed's
we camped on the hills to the south
with a full desert vista before us,

just as the sunset turned the
distant Beaver Dam Mts. to
steel blue. Morgan caught Rhipidura
telleri and Cycloptilum here, the
former with Amiama + Cirilla
showing the Run Sonoran
influence markedly. We put up
material until nearly eleven o'clock.

Aransas (or Casensis?) Kingbird.
Numerous in telephone wires along
Virgin River below Zion Park.
Shrike. One ditto.
Sparrow Hawk. Numerous ditto.

September 6, 1926. Camp southwest of
Leeds to camp on west side of Beaver
Dam Mountains, Washington Co.,
Utah.

The morning dawned with the
sky heavily clouded, though around
noon they broke away somewhat, so
gather with added force toward
evening when we were crossing the
Beaver Dam Mountains and it
stayed with us much of the night.
We passed through the old mining
town of Harrisburg shortly after
leaving our morning camp. Work
here was quite productive, as was
also that near the little community

of Middleton. We reached St.
Ginger about noon, and put our
bel in the garage for new ~~back~~
brake lining, greasing of rear construction,
shackle tightening, etc., while we
had lunch. St. Ginger is an attractive
town with wide streets and generous
shade and a ~~an~~ general air of prosperity.
It was three o'clock before we were able
to leave, and we ran on up the
valley of Santa Clara Creek past the
little settlement of Santa Clara, and
then turned westward to cross
the Bear Claw Mountains. The
whole country ahead of us was in
storm, and from near the summit
of the grade we had, ^{rain} down the west
side to where we decided to make
camp. On the eastern slope we
passed through the Shiwit Indian
Reservation, by the Indian School
and other building. But a short
distance down on the west side we
encountered our old friend, the
Yucca or Joshua tree, and it
continued down to the level of our
camp. We stayed under the corner
of the car until the rain stopped
at eight o'clock, then cooked supper
and started to put up material.
The wind started up, so we pitched

the little tent and finished our
work in it, while several shrikes passed
over. I bedded down in the car and
Wynne and Mr. Farner sheltered in the
tent.

Wildee. One in slough along Santa
Clara Creek.

Tanager ♀? Size of scarlet w. larger.
Keep his green with apparent
paler wing bars. In a low bush
seeking shelter from storm wind in
Santa Clara Creek valley.

Raven. Several at alt. camp.

September 7, 1916. Camp on west side
of Beaver Blain Mts., Utah to camp
on bench south of Virgin River, 15 m.
E. of Glendale, Nevada.

The rain came about 1.30 AM and
from then until morning we had it
with considerable frequency, generally
with wind, which beat it in under
the loose tail curtains of the truck
and undoubtedly have soaked my bedding
but for the horse blanket, which I
used as a cover. I did not have
enough room to stretch out and as
a whole I passed a very uncomfortable
night. At eight we untangled
ourselves and managed to get
some hot breakfast, although the

gray clouds all about threatened
rain any minute. Shortly after ~~noon~~
rime came on the move down the
grade, and finally the sun came
out and rain troubled us no more
to-day. We crossed the Arizona line
but a few miles down the slope from
our camp, and walked but a short
distance southwest of it, getting
Boutellia for the first, although we
had looked for them

(and Hierotima
delicatulum) in dustiness for
two days. To the
south of the point where we walked rose
the running Virgin Range, separated
from the Bear River Mountains by
a very narrow deep gorge, through
which passed the Virgin River. To
the west rose the Mormon Mts., while
far off to the west we imagined
we could make out Charleston Peak.
Continuing down the grade, having
left the "joshuas" far behind, we
reached the little settlements of Bear
River and Littlefield, Arizona, at
the former of which we walked in the
lush bottoms along the Bear River
Creek and on the bench just above it.
Large mesquite and arrow-wood stands
line the creek bottom, which had
considerable water and showed

distinct evidence of having had much
more in the last twenty-four hours.
We ~~was~~ steadily dropped in elevation
as we moved southward. Crossing
the Arroyo line we were soon at Mesquite,
an apparently prosperous agricultural
community where we bought a lot of
the delicious small seedless grapes
and small casaba melons. A fire
needed attention and after this and
lunch we moved on, down the Virgin
River, on an excellent road, past
Bunkerville, crossing the river
before reaching Bunkerville and again
after leaving it some miles. There
was much up and down, short but
steep grades and many deep arroyos
to cross. We crossed along the banks
of the Virgin River at the second
crossing, here only about 1200 feet
above sea-level, and the heat was very
considerable. From the river the road
pulled up by two long grades to the
second and far higher bench north
of the river, where at about three
thousand feet are scattered Joshua
trees. Here we made camp, had a
delicious dinner and laid down
under the stars.

Arkansas - Cassin's Kingbird.
 Found in cultivated areas along Virgin
 River.



September 8, 1926. Ran camp on bench
 north of Virgin River to St. Thomas
 and back to camp at canyon of
 Muddy Creek, near Clark Co., Nevada.

The night was pleasant and we
 had a wonderful sunrise over the
 mesa with the distant high
 peaks forming a wonderful setting.
 On the morning shortly after eight we
 ran on to Glendale, which is merely
 a filling station and refreshment
 stop, but a very welcome one in a

long stretch. Here we turned south
down the valley of Muddy Creek, with
a road variably described but which
we found to be as a whole very good.
A few miles from Glendale we passed
through several gorges where the Muddy
has cut through rocky hills several
hundred feet high. We at once picked
this spot as the place for our coming
camp. Just beyond the gorges the
valley of the Muddy opened out and
~~was~~ is now an important agricultural
region with melons, grapes, alfalfa,
cotton, kaffir corn, some pineapples
and other things. About Antone
is the center of agricultural activity,
and south of that toward St. Thomas
there is a diminution of prosperous
looking places. We reached at Logans-
dale, just north of Antone, and
lunched near there under two large
fan-palms on an abandoned property.
About St. Thomas, which is just above
the junction of Muddy Creek and
the Virgin River, and which was as
far down as we had planned to go,
we walked in a variety of environment,
hill slopes, mud flats, etc. From St.
Thomas we traversed two miles of
sandy road to the so-called "Lost
City of Nevada," a scattered Indian

pueblo which has been recently ex-
cavated in part. It is said to have
fifty-five houses scattered over the
hill side, the most complete of which
has been entirely excavated. One
whole skeleton has been located and
has been kept in situ under cover.
Leaving St. Thomas we ran back
to the place we had picked for a
camp and settled in a most
delightful rock in the cliffs, soon
had supper and then all visited
the creek and had a good wash,
personally and clothing. The
water was very pleasant, but the
current exceedingly strong. Elev.
of camp. 1700 feet.

Birds - numerous. A number at
various places in Muddy Valley,
Barro Colorado. Two flushed from
hole in cliff near St. Thomas.
Sparrow Hawk. Numerous -
Muddy Valley

Black Phoebe. One near Orotina.

Quail (?) several coveys - Muddy Valley,
Species? could not see breasts,
Rn. Common - Muddy Valley,



September 9, 1916. Camp at Muddy
Creek Canyon, Nevada to camp at road
pass in Beaver Head Mts., Utah.

We were up about six thirty after a
pleasant night, when light coming
was in order for most of the time, but
toward morning heavier wrappings
were needed. After breakfast we
noticed that the uptilted and
badly faulted limestone beds about
the camp contained many vertebrate
bones, most of them broken or crushed
but very evident and abundant.
We found one bush, which was in a
detached rock, but it got badly
broken in the shake-up the roads
gave us later in the day.

Running back to Glendale we took on gas and water, then started back across the twenty mile truck road to Buckerville. The day was glorious though pretty hot, and the car ran well when she once got started, which took place only after considerable effort. Coming down the escarpment to the Virgin River we worked about three hundred feet below the rim and about the same distance above where we had worked on the westward trip. The results were few and relatively unimportant. At Buckerville we endeavored to buy some melons and were directed where to go some miles away, near Mesquite, Nevada. After crossing the second ~~to~~ bridge on the Virgin River we stopped where directed and bought some fine muskmelons, as well as ate several most excellent water-melons. From Mesquite to Littlefield, Arizona the grades are numerous and bad, one constant succession of climbs and drops over the finger-like projections of a tableland, while the surface of the road produced a steady thumping, with large ruts well distributed. This portion of the route is no production of more

smashed eggs, tangled equipment
and jammed packing than anything
encountered so far. "Lizzie" gave us
trouble on one hill by dying from the
heat, and we had to let her run
down ~~the~~ backwards and then jack
her back wheel up to start her. We
reached Littlefield and adjacent
Beaver Dam, Arizona with all
our teeth in place, but about every-
thing else shaken loose. Looking
back on the country we had been
in for the past two days was a beau-
tiful sight, the distance leading
a blue haze to the mountains we
were leaving behind. Soon we were
on the long upgrade of ten miles or
more on the west side of the Beaver
Dam mountains, and when we
crossed the Utah state line we
stopped and worked for a consid-
erable time. We added Bortettia
and ~~Mesochorus~~ Merostigma delicatulum
to the Utah list. Another run past
our last camp on this side of the
mountains - the west camp - brought
to the canyon leading to the road
pass. Here we worked again, in the
last (upper) groups of the Cnillea
and among other things we got the
first Utah record of Mesochorus conleae.

The "Joshua tree" reached this elevation (4000) in fair number and a few straggled almost to the road pass (4600 feet), mixing with the juniper of the higher land, there the characteristic tree (a few pinyon as well). We made camp at the road pass, and while in put up material Stagnomantis californica put in its appearance. The night promises to be much cooler than last night in Muddy Creek.

Marsh Hawk. One flying at Mesquite, Nevada.

Raven. One on mesa betw. Glendale and Buckhornville, Nevada.

September 10, 1926. From camp at summit of road pass in Beaman Dam Mts. to camp near Leeds, Washington Co., Utah.

As we were late getting into bed last night on account of amount of work, it was about seven o'clock when we arose this morning. Mosquitoes of unknown origin bothered us quite a little, but my method of covering kept them from biting me anywhere but on the face. After breakfast we examined the general neighborhood and found something, but not a

great variety. "Juniper", however, yielded
a fair series of Psychomastax. Running
easily down the eastern slope of the
Brain Blain Mts., through the Shiverts
Indian Reservation, we had wonderful
views of sections of the Vermilion Cliffs
with the Pine Valley Mts. forming
behind them. Along the Santa Clara
Creek above Santa Clara we worked
the river bed, getting Ellipses but
nothing else. After filling up with
gas, oil and water at St. George,
we ran down into the bottom-land
near the Virgin River, on the outskirts
of the town. Here we had excellent
success in a set of conditions we had
not examined in that general vicinity.

Running on to the east, through
Middleton, Washington, and Harroburg
and Leeds, we made camp about
a mile east of the latter town, in a
open grove of cedar, at an elevation
of 3200 feet. We had a wonderful
sunset and then ate beans, eggs,
bacon and casaba melons until
our limit was reached.

Rann. Sev. at A.M. camp.

Shrike: ditto.

Woodhouse Jay. A number at A.M.
camp, very familiar, talkative
and busy in cleaning up all
odds & ends of food.

Turkey Buzzard. One on Santa Clara
Creek.

Road Runner. Two near St. George.

September 11, 1926. From camp near
Reeds, Washington Co. to camp just
E. of Iron Springs, Iron Co., Utah.

Storms all around us developed
in the early hours of the morning
and shortly before two o'clock I was
seeking the shelter of the truck cover
~~off~~ after driving the food safely and
putting down the side curtains. Being
the tent as an extra rear cover I
was able to ward off rain more
certainly than the last night in the
Bears Ears Mts., but fortunately
except for the morning sprinkle or
apparently had no more. However, I
made myself fairly comfortable and
slept pretty well. The day dawned
with storms all about and we had
them so all morning, but fortunately
missed them all. We were on the
road shortly after nine, by way of
Andromis Ranch, Belleme, Kanarra
and Cedar City, steadily rising from
about 3500 feet at the morning camp
to 6000 feet near Cedar City. We worked
somewhat south of Kanarra at two
different elevations, with, however, but

in different success. At Cedar City
we filled up gas & oil, as well as water,
and laid in a few needed groceries,
as well as three T-bone steaks. Heading
west ^{across} Cedar Valley toward the Iron
Mts., we had a most wonderful
view in back of us of the west escap-
ment of the Markagunt Plateau
with Cedar Breaks far up above
us. The upper levels had had a
heavy frost and the aspens were
golden yellow patches on the mountain
slopes, while some brush had been
burned a most brilliant carmine,
splashing the mountain side like patches
of blood. Cedar Valley west of Cedar City
is largely fenced and cultivated or
used as ^{fenced} ranges, but near the north-
eastern spur of the Iron Mountains
the junipers come down to and cross
the road and here the trees are spaced,
the ground clear and the whole
park-like. We saw many prairie-
dogs here and just west of Iron
Springs and secured an old female.
We walked about a mile and a half
west of Iron Springs in Escalante
pleasant conditions, getting little.
Running east again to the park-like
country we made camp under
the junipers, had a wonderful

steak dinner, put up our stuff and turned in to sleep the sleep of the just. The sky was almost clear, just occasional flashes of lightning off to the northeast toward Bryce Canyon.

Woodhouse Jay. Several at our Iron Mt. camp.

Sparrow Hawk. At a number of points en route.

Turkey Buzzard. One near Anderson's Ranch.

Horned Larks. Large flocks in Cedar Valley and adjacent portion of the Escalante Desert.

~~Red~~ Shrike. Numerous en route.

Agave Bluebird. Quite a few near Iron Springs.

September 12, 1916. From camp near Iron Springs, Iron Co. to camp 10 miles S. of Beaman, Beaman Co., Utah.

Up about 6.45 I skinned the prairie dog, and the piñon jay which Morgan shot before breakfast. Shaving was also in order for all, then we moved on - first back to Cedar City to have our tickets validated, then southward up the Arrowhead Trail, through Summit, where we unloaded for a short while, then into Parowan, and off to the west

toward Little Salt Lake (Parowan
Lake). We lunched on melons
near Parowan, then ran on
the salt pans, where we worked for
some time. We had but in different
success as far as variety and
numbers were concerned at all the
stations examined during the day.
Returning to Parowan for gas,
we proceeded through Paragonah
and into the Buckhorn Valley
at the northeastern end of the
long Parowan Valley, working there
for a while and finally made camp
in juniper ^{+ piñon} covered hills about ten
miles from Beaur. Before dinner
M. & I worked the hill slopes and
he took the prize of the day -
Psychomastax on "juniper." We
~~stop~~ dined on steak, eggs, bacon,
rice and coffee, while we saw the
last sunset in camp for the
trip. It was beautiful in particular
through the steel blue of the mountains
in the distance to the southward.

Rain. Scarcely near Parowan.
Sparrow Hawk. Numerous.
Pinyon Jay. Number at morning
camp - one secured.

September 13, 1926. Camp 10 m. S. of
Beaver to Milford, Utah.

We were up about six o'clock and just
as I sat up in my cot I had a nose-
bleed which did not fully stop for
nearly three hours. Plugging did
not stop it but finally I got it
under control ~~by~~ by the use of cold
clothes on the back of my neck and
at the base of my nose. We were in
the room considerably before eight
and were in Beaver by 8.30.
Getting the most of the grime off
and packing occupied us until
after eleven, then lunch, into the
truck with trunks & bags, and
off for Milford. We were there by
two-thirty, got our pullman and
checked-in at the hotel. A T-bone
steak for dinner was a fitting
close for our ¹⁹²⁶ western trip, and
then to bed shortly after nine.

White Pelicans. Numerous on dam
reservoir at Minersville.

Brewer's Blackbird. Numerous
at Beaver, Minersville and
Milford.

Maggie. Several near Beaver.

September 14, 1926. Milford, Utah
and en route home.

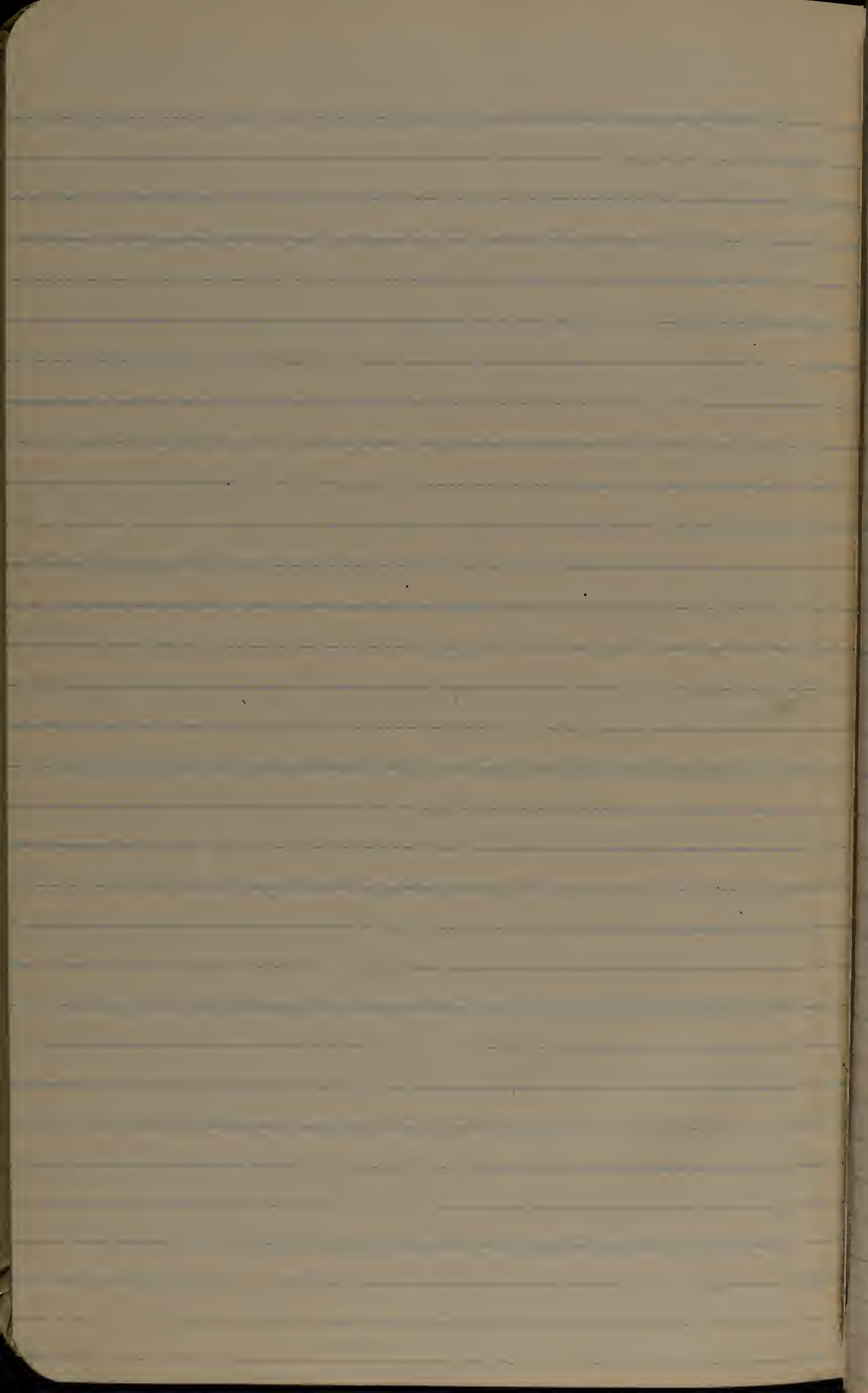
We were up at six and shortly
before seven we left on the "Los
Angeles Limited" homeward
bound.

White Pelicans. Rye grasses and
Parch Lake near Stockton,
Utah.

Sept. 15, 1926. Numerous
magpies in Nebraska west
of and for short distance
east of Sidney.

Sept. 16, 1926. Amer. Egret. ^{this e. of Mt. Wayne}

Sept. 17, 1926. Arrived in
Philadelphia on
"Manhattan Limited" at
7.24 AM.



Film #16 Exp #1. Looking west across canyon
of Beams Blows Mt. at camp of morning
of Sept 9 (top of grade). Sept. 10. 8.45 AM.
16 stop $\frac{1}{50}$.

Exp. #2. From same point looking S. W.
over down canyon & over desert country W.
of Beams Blows Mt. Same data.

Exp. #3. Vermilion cliffs N. E. of
Santa Clara Creek (Shilbutto Indian
Reservation) from E. slope of
Beams Blows Mt. 11.15 AM. (Pine
Valley Mts. in distance). 16 stop. $\frac{1}{50}$

Exp. no. 4. Cedar Breaks - west escarpment
of Markagunt Plateau from Cedar
Valley. Sept. 11. 3.15 P.M. $\frac{1}{20}$ 20 stop.

Exp. no. 5. Same as #4 but from 10 m.
west in Escalante Desert, one mile
E. ~~W.~~ of Jim Spgs. 4.45 P.M. 20 stop. $\frac{1}{20}$

exp.
Film 14. no. 1. Vermilion Cliffs just
west of Pipe Spring, Arizona.
5.00 PM.

Film 14 exp. no. 2. Klum canyon near
Mt. Murphy, Ariz. near Utah line.

Exp. no. 3. Butte in canyon at
Mt. Murphy, Ariz. near Utah line.

Nov. 16 stop. $\frac{1}{50}$

Exp. no. 4. Bluffs on south side of Virgin
River at Camp of night of Sept 4.
8.30 AM. $\frac{1}{50}$ 16 stop.

Expos. no. 5 & 6. Tim Park views taken
just above Ranger Sta. 11.45 AM.
16 stop. $\frac{1}{50}$

Film 15. exp. no. 1. Virgin Peak, Virgin Mts.,
Nevada from top of upper bench on north
side of Virgin River. 5.45 P.M. 16 stop.
 $\frac{1}{50}$.

Film 15 exp. no. 2. Looking down Virgin
River from same pt. Same data.

Film 15. exp. no. 3. General view of hills
at "Host City of Nevada." 2.30 PM.
 $\frac{1}{100}$ 16 stop.

Film 15. exp. no. 4. Portion of recently
discarded houses at same. Same
data.

Exp. no. 5. Looking up canyon of
Muddy Creek, Nevada from
camp. 8.20 AM. Sept. 9. $\frac{1}{50}$ 16 stop.

Exp. no. 6. Camp at canyon on
Muddy Creek. Same data.

Exp. no. 4. Frost at same camp 8.45 AM.
 $\frac{1}{25}$ 16 stop.

Exp. no. 5-6. Cedar Breaks, Mesquite
Plateau. 9.40 AM. $\frac{1}{17}$ 16 stop.

Film no. 11. Exps. 1-2. ditto.

No. 3. Habitat of Melanoplus brevis
in meadow near Cedar Breaks.

10.40 AM. $\frac{1}{50}$ 16 stop.

No. 4-5. Lava beds about 8 m. below
Cedar Breaks. 12.15 PM. 16 stop.

$\frac{1}{50}$.

No. 6. Red-yellow cliffs (i.e. White
Cliffs) just east of camp between
Mt. Carmel & Kanab. Aug. 31. 6.00 PM.
 $\frac{1}{25}$ 20 stop.

Film no. 12 Exp. # 1. White Cliffs and
habitat of Trimerotropis of agrestis
type. 16 miles near Kanab than
camp. 7.20 AM. $\frac{1}{50}$ 16 stop. Sept. 1.

Film no. 12 Exp. # 2. Camp on rim of
Kaibab Plateau. Sept. 2. 7.50 AM.
 $\frac{1}{25}$ sec. 16 stop.

Exps. 3-6 Grand Canyon rim at
Bright Angel ~~B~~ Point.

Film 13. Exp. no. 1. ditto.

Exp. no. 2-4. Her in Hermit Park
Kaibab Plateau. Late afternoon.

Exp. no. 5. "Juniper" Host plant of
Psychromorpha. Slopes of Kaibab
Plateau. 9.45 AM. 16 stop. $\frac{1}{50}$.

Exp. no. 6. General conditions at
same. Same date as above.

7.45 AM. Aug. 27. $\frac{1}{25}$ sec. 16 stop.
Exp. no. 6. Looking down ditto. Same data.
Film No. 7. Exp. no. 1. Camp in ditto.
Same data.

Exp. no. 2. Fillmore Camp, 3 m. N. of
Fillmore, Utah. 7.30 AM. Aug. 28. 16 stop.
 $\frac{1}{25}$ sec.

Exp. no. 3. View N. E. across Hog Valley.
Millard Co., Utah. 11.50 AM. Aug. 28.
16 stop. $\frac{1}{50}$ sec.

Exp. no. 4. Mt. Helans, Baldy & Mt.
Belknap from Clear Creek at about
6800 feet. 1.15 PM. Aug. 28. 22 stop. $\frac{1}{25}$ sec.

Exp. no. 5. Erosion in Clear Creek Canyon,
Utah. ^{times one} 6200 feet 2.00 PM. 16 stop. too.

Exp. no. 6. View Clear Creek Canyon
from 6200 feet. Same data

Film no. 8, Exp. no. 1. Immediate habitat
for *Pediocirtalis*. Pariaquint Plateau.
2.00 PM.

Expos. no. 2-6. Bryce Canyon

Film no. 9. Exp. nos. 1-4. ditto.

Exp. no. 5. Camp in pine forest near
Bryce Canyon. 7.00 AM. Aug. 30. $\frac{1}{25}$ sec.
16 stop.

Exp. no. 6. Red Canyon wall erosion
near entrance. 1.00 PM. 16 stop $\frac{1}{50}$ sec.

Film no. 10. Exp. 1-2 Same as 9 #6.
Exp. 3.

Exp. no. 3. Camp in ravine on Markagunt
Plateau. 7.30 AM. 16 stop. $\frac{1}{25}$ sec.

Exp. # 3 - 5. Wah Wah Camp and N (no. 4)
and S. (no. 5) of same. 7:30 AM
18 stop. $\frac{1}{20}$ sec. Aug. 24.

Exp. # 6. Over Pine Valley to W. of
Wah Wah Mts. same time 16 stop.

Film No. 4. Exp. no. 1. Mt. Wheeler from
N. from Stella Lake trail. Elev. of view -
point ab. 8200 feet. 8:15 AM. Stop. 16.
 $\frac{1}{50}$ sec. Aug. 25.

Exp. no. 2 - 6. Views of W. from Mt Wheeler
trail taken by Morgan. Aug. 25

Film No. 5. Exp. no. 1. Stella Lake.
16 stop. $\frac{1}{25}$ sec. 4:40 PM. Aug. 25.

Exp. no. 2. Mt Wheeler from Stella
Lake. Same data

Exp. no. 3. Meadows at Stella Lake.
Same data.

Exp. no. 4. Outfit with Mr. Farrer and
Pinto children at Baker, Nev. Aug. 26.
10:10 AM. 16 stop. $\frac{1}{100}$.

Exp. no. 5. Machine in chalk dust.
White Valley, Millard Co., Utah. 4:00 PM.
to 16 stop. Aug. 26.

Exp. no. 6. Looking across White Valley
from hill to House Range, Millard
Co., Utah. $\frac{1}{100}$ 20 stop. 4:10 PM.

Film no. 6. Exp. 1 - 4. Rainbow Valley
west side of Marjorie Pass, House
Range, Millard Co., Utah. 5:05 PM.
 $\frac{1}{100}$ 16 stop.

Exp. no. 5. Looking up. Rainbow Canyon,
House Range, Millard Co., Utah, from camp.

Film exposures

Film #1. Exp. #1. Helang Peak from stop
on saddle north of Merchant's Creek Valley.
8.00 AM. 16 stops. $\frac{1}{50}$ of sec. Aug. 21.

#2 Baldy & Belknap Peaks from
ditto. Same data.

#3. From summit of Helang Peak looking
N. E. on Sevier Valley & Richfield.
Stop. 20. $\frac{1}{50}$ of sec.

#4. From ditto looking E. on Sevier Valley -
Henry Mts in far distance. Same data

#5. From ditto looking N. towards Baldy
& Belknap Peaks. Same data.

#6. Actual summit of ^{Helang} Belknap Peak.
Stop. 20. $\frac{1}{50}$ second. 25 feet dist.

Film #2. Exp. #1. Over Puffer Lake,
from camp. 4.15 PM. Stop 16. $\frac{1}{25}$ sec.

#2. Peaks at head of ditto. Stop 16.
4.15 PM. $\frac{1}{50}$ sec.

#3. Camp at Puffer Lake. 4.15 PM.
16 stops. $\frac{1}{25}$ sec.

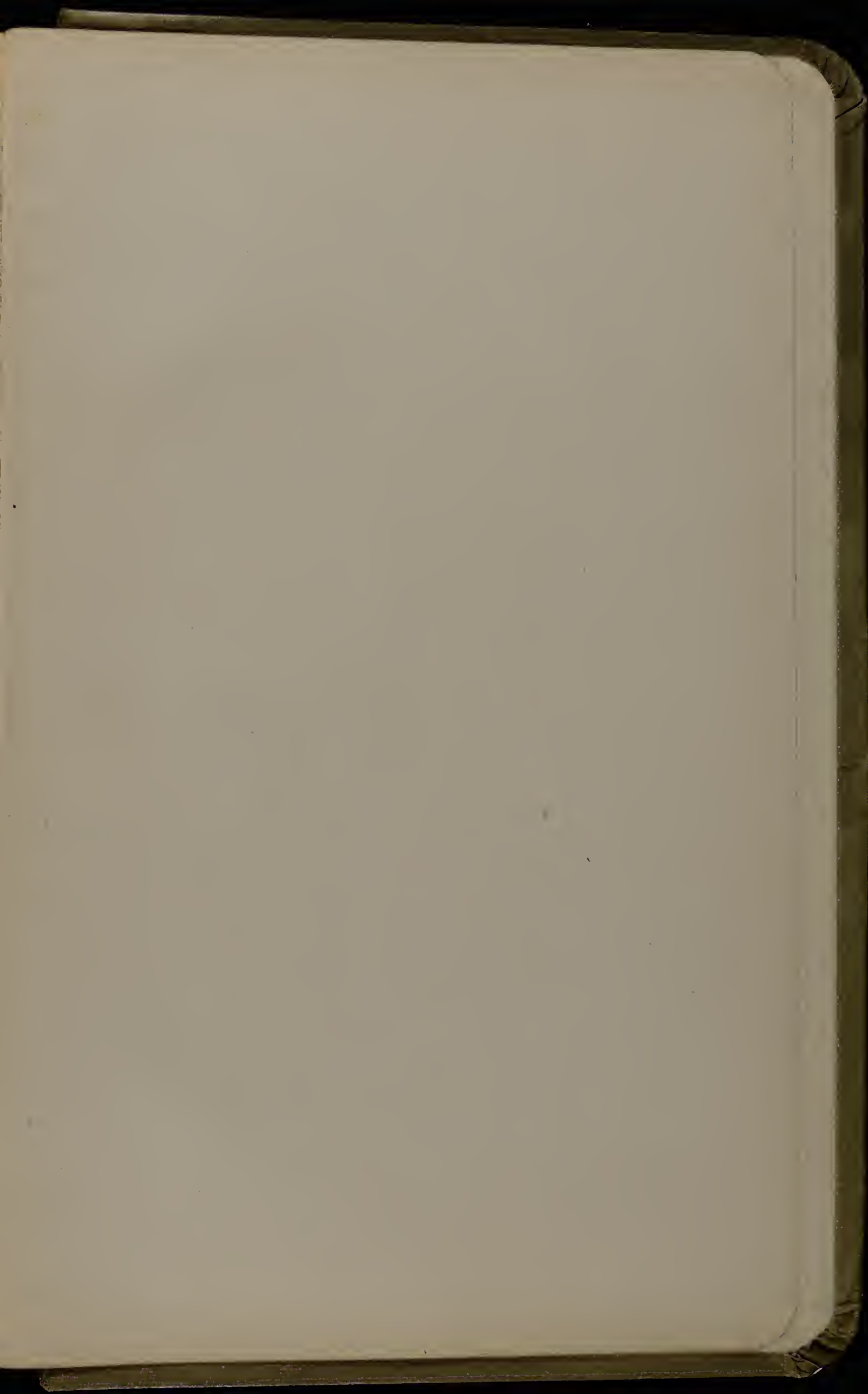
#4. Beaver Canyon below Merchant's Valley,
looking up canyon. 11.00 AM. Stop 20.
 $\frac{1}{50}$ sec.

#5. Ditto more to right. Same data.

#6. Mr. Furrer's boys and machine in
his potato patch at Beaver. 9.40 AM.
 $\frac{1}{50}$ 20 stops. Aug. 23.

Film #3. Exps. #1. Mineral Mts. & over
Milford from near Frisco, Utah.
4.50 PM. 20 stops. $\frac{1}{50}$.

#2. From pass over Wahwah Mts, ^{looking} east
on Wahwah Valley to San Francisco Mts.
6.15 PM. 17 stops. $\frac{1}{25}$



Mail addresses.

(On basis Lakewood, N. J.)

~~to~~

Bryce Lodge

← [estim. arrival
Sept. 31
Aug.]

Bryce Canyon, Utah.

Until

Sept. 1 ~~1911~~

Rodge Center,

[estim. arrival
Sept. 6.]

Zion National Park,
Utah.

Sept. 2 - Sept. 8.

El Escalante Hotel.

Cedar City, Utah.

[estim. arrival
Sept. 13.]

W. (// // // // // // //)

